

THE Numb. 7. OLD MAN'S WISH:

*The old Man he doth wish for Wealth in vain,
But he doth not the Treasure gain;*

*For if with Wishes he the same could have,
He would not mind nor think upon the Grace.*

To a Pleasant New Playhouse Tune.



IF I live to grow old,
(For I find I go down)
Let this be my Fate
In a Country Town:
Let me have a warm House,
With a Stone at my Gate,
And a cleanly young Girl
For to rub my bald Pate.
May I govern my Passion
With an absolute Sway,
To grow Wiser and Better,
As my Strength wears away,
Without Gout or Stone,
By a gentle Decay.

In a Country Town,
By a murmuring Brook,
The Ocean at Distance,
On which I may look:
With a spacious Plain
Without Hedge or Stile,
And an easie Pad-nag,
To ride out a Mile:
May I govern my Passion
With an absolute Sway,
To grow Wiser and Better,
As my Strength wears away,
Without Gout or Stone,
By a gentle Decay.

With a Pudding on Sunday,
And stout humming Liquor,
And Remnants of Latin
To puzzle the Vicar:
With a hidden Reserve
Of Burgundy Wine,
To drink the King's Health
As oft as I Dine:
May I govern my Passion
With an absolute Sway,
And grow Wiser and Better,
As my Strength wears away,
Without Gout or Stone,
By a gentle Decay.

With Plutarch and Horace,
And one or two more
Of the best Wits that liv'd
In the Ages before;
With a Dish of roast Mutton,
Neither Venison nor Veal,
And clean (tho' coarse) Linnen
At every Meal:
May I govern, &c.

And if I should have a Guest,
I must add to my Wish,
On Fridays, a Mess
Of good Buttered Fish;
For full well I do know,
And the Truth I reveal,
I had better do so,
Than come short of a Meal:
May I govern, &c.

With Breeches and Jerkin
Of good Country Gray,
And live without Working,
Now my Strength doth Decay
With a Hoghead of Sherry,
For to drink when I please,
With Friends to be merry,
And live at my Ease:
May I govern, &c.

Without Molestation
May I spend my last Days
In sweet Recreation,
And sound forth the Praise
Of all those that are true
To the King and his Laws,
Since it be their due,
They shall have my Applause:
May I govern, &c.

With a Country Scribe
For to write my last Will,
But not of the Tribe
That in choosing have Skill:
For my easie Pad-nag,
I'll bequeath to Don John,
For he's an arch Wag,
And a jolly old Man;
May I govern, &c.

With Courage undaunted
May I Face my Day:
And when I am Dead,
May the Better say,
In the Morning when Sober,
In the Evening when Mellow,
He's gone, and has left
Not behind him his Fellow:
For he govern'd his Passion
With an absolute Sway,
And grew Wiser and Better,
As his Strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone,
By a gentle Decay.

